 Joseph Moulton is my father's brother
Dec. 26 - 1924

THE LAST OF THE BULLWHACKERS IN HEBER



ORSON HICKEN JOSEPH MOULTON WILLIAM LINDSAY

These lines I write to friendship—
friends of sixty years,
Who met in early Utah days, when
friendship knew no fears.
In youth and into manhood they
oft' times met together,
And mingled in the song and dance,
In spite of wind or weather.

They went in answer to a call,
bullwhackers in ox trains,
To bring the weary emigrants in
safely 'cross the plains.
And in their home-made jeans they
toiled, the heavy stones to move
That now in Temple walls are laid
a people's faith to prove.

All three found help mates, staunch
and true, when yet all three
were young.
They helped each other build their
homes, log cabins every one.
They all reared honored fam'lies
whose creed in life is "Work":
In grubbing sage or clearing land, not
one of them did shirk.
Their lives have measured usefulness,
in work of every kind,
Each one has bravely borne his share,
no truer men you'll find.
And in the service of their Church,
each one has done his part;
On missions, or in council, they've
given hand and heart.

They've kept the Word of Wisdom, and
paid their honest dues
In tithing, contributions, no slackers
part they choose;
No man their honesty assails, their
word has been their bond.

All through the years no tarnish clings
of truth they've e'er been fond.
The little old log cabins now are mem-
ries of the past;
They long have lived in larger homes,
their holdings grown more vast.
No mortgages their lands enthrall, no
debt they owe to man;
To God alone they owe success, for
thrift has been their plan.

Though now near four-score years of
age, their hearts and minds
are young;
They've followed in the righteous path,
in deed or word of tongue.
All three enjoy the blessings of health
and peace of mind;
And they are still the best of friends,
their hearts still warm and
kind.

Their friendship has endured the test
of hardship, weal and woe,
And in the twilight zone of life
effulgent sheds its glow.
They've seen the changes wrought by
years; their comrades all are
gone;
And now they wait the Master's call
when they shall follow on.

These verses voice my tribute in true
bullwhacker style,
And though they lack true polish,
they're spoken without guile.
For the good that I have written of
these old friends, all three,
Of two of them I know 'tis true;
I hope it is of me.

WILLIAM LINDSAY

"NATIVE" SON OF CAL. DIES IN IDA.

John Dolten, one of the first, if not the first white children born in California, died in Idaho, a few days ago, at the age of seventy-eight.

He was born in 1848 where San Francisco now stands. 1848

His father was one of the Mormon Battalion. After being discharged at San Diego, he with others, worked his way north and met the colony who had come on the ship, Brooklyn, and there met Miss Elizabeth Kettleman whom he married.

She left New York with her folks on the ship Brooklyn on Feb. 4, 1846, entering the San Francisco bay July 31st of the same year. They traveled 18,000 miles.

There were 200 Latter-day Saints on the ship, and they were on the water six months.

His family moved to Centerville, Utah, in 1849, where the family has since resided.

John never married. He was seventy-seven years old when he died.

He spent a number of years, in Montana hauling ore from the mines to the smelter.

The last ten or fifteen years, the deceased spent on a ranch near Bancroft, Idaho.

Funeral services were held in the North Centerville chapel, Monday, Feb. 22, at 2 p. m. The speakers were S. J. Parrish and David F. Smith. The speakers said that they had always known him as an honorable upright man, free-hearted. He had a very good disposition and interfeared with no body's business.

He is survived by his brother, William, and sister, Maria, Dolten, of Centerville.

At her own home
Aunt Rie Dalton
died 21 Mar 1953
buried 25 " " "
at Centerville Utah

At Ogden Hospital
Elizabeth Bowman Lyon
died 31 Jan 1952
buried 3 Feb. " "
at Centerville Utah.

From Bertha Bereman